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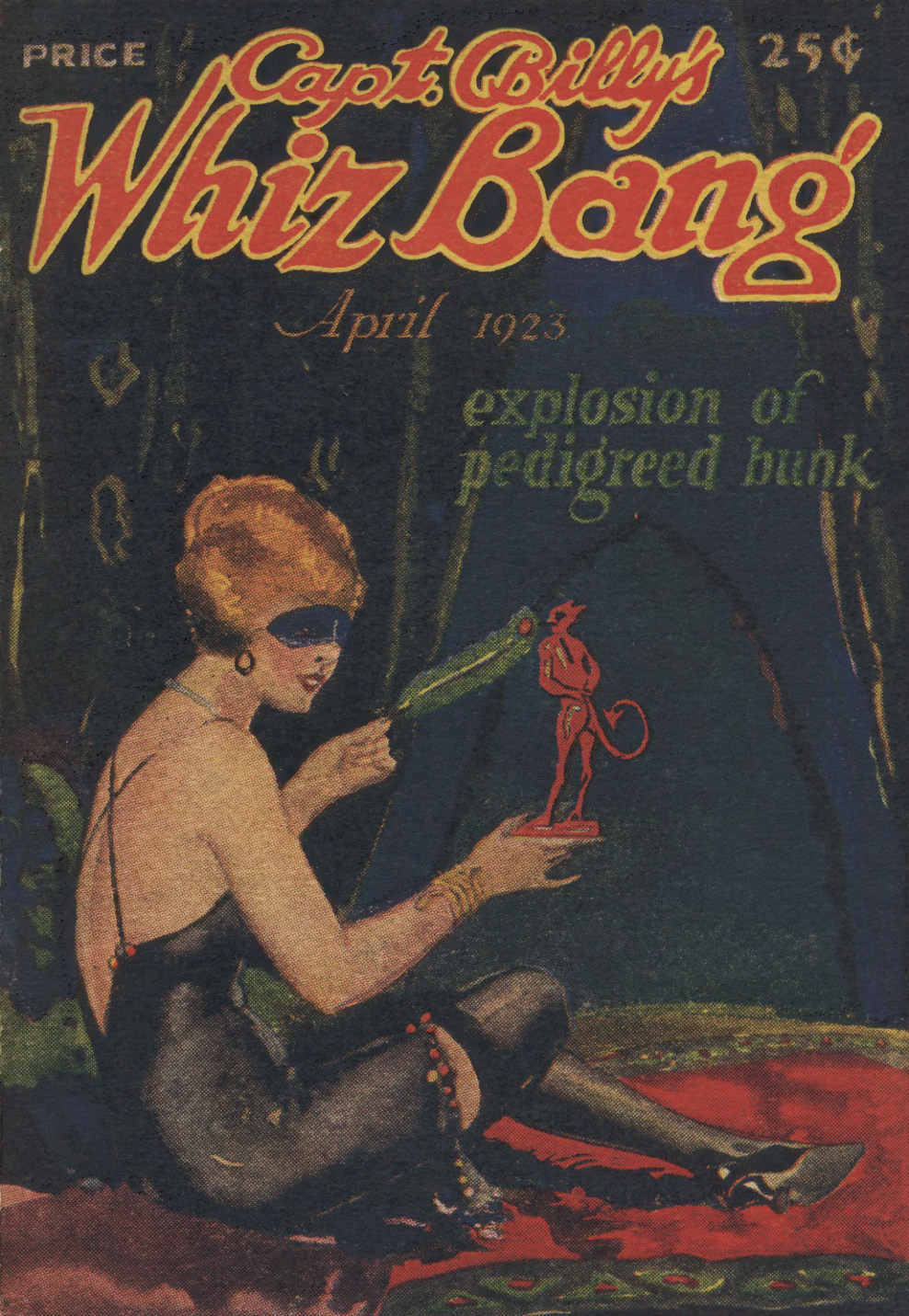
Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

April 1923

explosion of pedigreed bunk



Should a Neglected Wife Go Stepping?

What is an infallible remedy for husbands who have pokeritis, and leave their wives at home to languish in lonesomeness and boredom? In

"Three Women in a Boat"

three despairing wives thought they had the cure. So, arrayed in their flapperish best, they went out to see the world—just to spite hubby. Things went beautifully until—but in the language of Shakespeare they got into a heck of a mess. Don't miss this thrilling story in the APRIL

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Every red-blooded American has a penchant for a snappy detective story. Beginning in the April issue, TRUE CONFESSIONS will run a series of famous detective cases that will thrill and entertain you with their vividness. Each complete in each issue.

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FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS

Robbinsdale, Minn.

Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

America's Magazine of Wit, Humor and Filosophy

APRIL, 1923 **Vol. IV. No. 44**

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Published Monthly **W. H. Fawcett** **Robbinsdale, Minnesota**

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Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and Dedicated to the Fighting Forces of the United States and Canada.

"Lots of Pep, Plenty of Fun, a Slap on the Back For Everybody, but No Malice Toward Any Real Good Sport."

Drippings From the Fawcett

AS I am contriving these austere lines on Hotel Flamingo stationery at Miami, Fla., my red-headed wife is upstairs packing the carpet bags in preparation for a sea voyage to Nassau in the West Indies. I don't like sea voyages—walking up and down narrow aisles, running short of socks and undershirts, and gazing eternally on fresh paint, gum, tar, pitch and dismal stretches of gray and greasy water.

Plenty of people imagine that an ocean voyage is healthful and that it does them good, but the only evidence that will convince me is the evidence that I hope to find at the other end of the voyage—which isn't a long one, thank goodness.

WHILE I am polishing up these pulsating paragraphs, my eye runs across an item in a Miami paper. It quotes a Massachusetts congressman to the effect that two million gallons of liquors have been shipped into the United States from the Bahamas since

this country went dry and that a large fleet of British rum runners is engaged in the smuggling trade at Nassau and everybody is happy.

Not long ago General Pershing said that he was convinced by aircraft experiments of the essential importance of airplanes in attacks against battleships. Islands which can bombard the American coast with rum moved in slow tubs in times of peace, might be used easily as a base for dropping other kinds of bombs in time of war.

New Yorkers may not object to the dropping of gin bottles but if there were a downpour of the other varieties of medicine, they would all be flocking out to our Breezy Point Lodge to get away from the air raiders.

CONTEMPLATION of my little ocean trip, coupled with the Pershing interview, carries me back to my "kid" days of 1898 when I boarded a transport at San Francisco bound for the Philippines on my first sea voyage. It took more than a month for a buck private to cross in those days.

It was my good fortune in the Philippines to have as commanding officer, Major Robert Lee Bullard. We were stationed in the wild interior of Mindanao in an attempt to pacify the fanatical Moros. Several troops of the

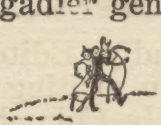
Fifteenth United States Cavalry were stationed across Lake Lanao, about ten miles away.

One afternoon while walking my post on guard duty, a Moro datto presented a pass that bore the signature of one, J. J. Pershing, Captain and Adjutant.

A few months later this same datto ran amuck and Brigadier General Wood, who had assumed command of the military forces in Mindanao, personally led us against said recalcitrant and his supporters in the Taraca river region.

This campaign lasted one month and brought the quarry to bay on the island of Jolo, or Sulu, as it is more often termed.

During the hunt Leonard Wood received a cable informing him that the Senate had promoted him to major general. A few weeks before, General Pershing also had jumped over the heads of several hundred captains, majors and colonels to brigadier general.



WE ALL know the part played in the world war by Bullard, Pershing and Wood. The reason for bringing up their names is the sort of inward pleasure we humans are prone to feel by reason of our little roles in the general scheme of things. I have a certain pride—which I trust is pardonable—for that

wee small crevice I helped to fill in history's mezzanine matinee party.

SPENT a week during January in Beaufort, S. C., visiting my mother-in-law, after which my wife and I "saw" Savannah. A short skirted damsel breezed into the De Soto hotel in Savannah and there being nobody else in sight, proceeded to do a vamping act with this unsophisticated old farmer as the vampee.

"My Dear," I grinned at Friend Wife, like a fatuous fathead, "that doll over there is smiling at me."

"That's nothing," replied my "demure" little red-headed frau, "when I first saw you I laughed like 'll."

MRS. BILL and ye Editor spent a pleasant hour or two visiting Cole L. Blease in his offices in Columbia, S. C. "Colie," as he is known throughout the Southland, was twice governor of South Carolina and is noted as one of the brightest criminal lawyers in Dixie. I asked him if he had much difficulty in obtaining acquittals in murder trials.

"Hell, no," answer the governor, "It's more difficult to free a bootlegger in this state."

We suggested to Blease that he form a society for the prevention of cruelty to bootleggers. "Too late now," said he. "You can't wet your whistle with the whiskey that has passed."

Perhaps he is right. Lots of people never saw beauty in a dandelion until after its alcoholic possibilities were pointed out.

IT SEEMS timely, in passing, to remark on the very high quality of Southern resort hotels. One is treated with utmost courtesy and supreme service and even the cashier smiles when she passes the weekly statement through the small wicker window.

It is reported that these sweet-smiling cashiers indirectly have been the cause of making Florida a hotbed of swindlers. Many confidence men have been arrested for attempting to sell hotels they did not own. Their defense was the belief that their receipted weekly bill was a transfer of title. Well, I suppose we shouldn't blame the hotel owners for high prices when we consider that they have only three or four months in which to rake in the mazuma.

Yea, verily, when you talk of the high cost of living, the only thing that's coming down in Dixie is the rain—and even that soaks you.

THERE is one partial explanation for the well-known Southern hospitality. With Scotch liqueurs selling in Charleston and Savannah at $60 a case, it costs only half as much to be hospitable in the South as it costs in our state where one must pay one hundred and twenty smackers for twelve suspiciously new labels.

IN MY recent visit in the Sunny Southland, I asked an old Negro in Camden, S. C., what he'd do if he received a letter from the Ku Klux Klan.

"Say, Boss, I'd read that letter on the train."

I WOULD have wagered the niblick of a rhinoceros against the jaw bone of an ass that my red headed wife would get me into some sort of a jam, when I left her in charge of the Whiz Bang last fall while I went deer hunting. Ever since she slipped my tintype into the December issue, Ye Editor has felt like a June bride in hot water most of the time.

Below is a fair sample of the fun poked at this helpless farmer.

The envelope was posted at Danville, Va.

Well, here goes, Old Top—I certainly agree with your sentiments.

My dear Captain Billy, I want you to know,
I looked in the Whiz Bang and saw your photo;
They said it was made for your red-headed wife,
And it's surely a wonder you still have your life.
In a contest for beauty this venture I make,
If they'd just give you justice you'd win the mud cake
One glance at your mug—oh, I do not know how,
But I ran in the stable and kissed the black cow;
If you'll just let the whiskers grow out on your face,
In the dog-catcher's wagon you'll soon have a place.
If you print this here pome, it won't cost you a dime,
But in parting I'll state that your face is a crime.
My compliments to you; I wish you much joy,
From a Twenty-ninth veteran—a former doughboy.

WHILE in Miami I was told the police had arrested a beautiful girl for walking down Flagler Avenue in a one-piece bathing suit and that she was being held by the judge for further examination.

A CERTAIN editor once cautioned: "Send us poems written on only one side of the paper. We need the other side." Whiz Bang Billy isn't so particular. He welcomes your poems, jokes, jests and jingles. We don't need the paper but we do need you. The Whiz Bang Farm is covered with corn cobs.

OUR VILLAGE teacher drew a picture of Mount Vesuvius with fire coming out of the top. She asked Timmy Callahan what it looked like to him and Timmy said it looked like hell.

A VISITOR, while walking along the village street of Robbinsdale, heard the singing of the local Scandinavian Saengerfest. He stopped to listen. Olaf was standing nearby admiring the sweet chirrup of a cricket.

"What beautiful singing," suggested the stranger.

"Yes," said Olaf, "they do it by rubbing their hinds legs together."

DEACON MILLER harnessed up his gray mare one day in December and plowed through the snow drifts to town to see a young lawyer on business. This rising young barrister had some very important dictating to do; so in order that he and his pretty but hard-working young stenographer should not be disturbed, he locked the office door, first putting out a sign which read:

"Return in 20 minutes."

When Deacon Miller saw this inscription on the door he scratched his head for a moment and

then exclaimed in a grumbling undertone:

"'Return in 20 minutes,' not me; I ain't going to be ordered about by no young lawyer!"

And the old gray mare swished her tail against the whippletree again as she turned her head toward Robbinsdale and the snowbanks.

THERE was a rumor going around Robbinsdale recently to the effect that our village fire and police chief, John Bloberger, intended resigning his various positions. Upon investigation it was learned that somebody had told our faithful chief that a plot was being hatched in New York to assassinate all the prominent men in America.

TOM HOWARD, mayor of Robbinsdale and dealer in lath, shingles, tar paper, compo board and coal, said he once knew a banker in Anoka, Minn., who possessed a glass eye of which he was very proud.

One cold December morning, Patrick McCarthy asked the old money monarch for a loan of $300. Pat was shy on collateral but a voluble talker. After considerable discussion, the banker finally made this sporting proposition:

"Now, Mr. McCarthy, if you can tell me, in

the first guess, which is my real eye, I'll grant you this loan."

Pat hesitated a moment: "Your right one is your real one, sir," he answered.

"You are correct," said the banker in a disappointed tone. "But tell me how you knew so quickly."

That's quite easy," replied Pat. "You see, your left one looks far more sympathetic."

A STRANGER walked up to Deacon Callahan one day last fall and asked him where he could get a drink of booze. The deacon pointed down the street and says:

"See that old building down there? Well, that's the Baptist Church."

"But," says the stranger, "You don't mean to say that you can get whisky at the Baptist Church?"

"Nope," says the Deacon, "That's the only place you can't get it."

YOURS until flowers grow on Rubber Plants.

Whiz Bang Bill.

Sureasell No Minister

The newcomer at the seaside boarding house was an elderly man with a solemn expression of countenance, black clothes and a little made-up black bow. It was surmised that he was some kind of a minister; so Mrs. Jones thought it would be only a nice compliment to ask him to say grace. The new guest did not appear to hear, and when she repeated her request he turned a lack-lustre eye upon her and grunted:

"If you're speaking to me, you'll have to shout like hell; I'm as deaf as a post."

* * *

An Ocean Voyage to Nassau

Overheard at sea:
"How long have you had dinner?"
"About an hour, but I won't have it much longer."
(Ten minutes later.)
"Is the moon up?"
"It is if I swallowed it."

* * *

Whiz Bang's Lesson On Etiquette

When a gentleman and lady are walking down the street the lady should walk inside of the gentleman.

* * *

"HELL IS FULL OF LOW-CUT BLOUSES," WHOOPS BILLY SUNDAY, JUST THE THING FOR THE CLIMATE, TOO.

* * *

Two intoxicated men were motoring on a mountain road.
"Take thosh curves eashy, Joe, you make me nervoush."
"Whatinel you talkin' about, Bill, you're drivin' thish car."

One Good Roll Deserves Another

A Minneapolis man went to a party. About 5:30 A. M. he made his way out of the house, balanced on the curbstone and hailed a taxicab. He climbed in at one door, and immediately rolled out at the other. Picking himself up, he brushed the dirt from his hat, took out a roll of bills and said:

"Well, how much—hic—do I owe you?"

* * *

"But Flossie is such a virtuous girl."

"True," said the Wise Old Man, "but how did you discover it?"

* * *

Yes! Yes!

Summer night—
World is right.
Maiden fair—
Boy is there.

Go On

Stars above,
Whisper love.
Moon, so pale,
Here's my tale.

* * *

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm, a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
As it bends with the ocean of years.

* * *

MAGGIE SAYS THERE ARE TIMES WHEN OLAF ACTS LIKE A REAL, UNION BEING.

Feed-Box Facts and Fancies

Captain Billy—Who was the world's greatest contortionist?—***Bunny Fischer.***

Oliver Twist.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—How do you tell a male tree from a female tree?—***Bill Yuss.***

By the shape of the limbs.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is meant by "The House of a Thousand Scandals?"

No, you are wrong. It does not refer to the Y. W. C. A.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What would be a suitable inscription for my husband's tombstone? —***Mrs. Min Agery.***

If you don't care for maudlin sentiment, why not say: "Rest until I come."

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I am 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 125 pounds stripped. Is this all right?—***Lily O. Valley.***

One cannot tell because these drug store scales often are wrong.

Dear Bill—What shall I do? I'm worried because I walk in my sleep.—***Bobby Enright.***

You'd make a good policeman.

* * *

Dear Skipper Billy—How can a big, healthy, ruddy-faced young man overcome laziness?—***Percy Doolittle.***

Join the navy, Percy. Some of the old Jack Tars will make you work all right.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Before joining the ranks of the Whiz Bang volunteer associate editors, I'd like to know how you word the rejection slip that accompanies returned manuscripts.—***Ole Ander.***

Gus is the final judge on rejected jokes and he usually scratches this terse notation: "This joke doesn't quite tickle Pedro's funny bone."

* * *

Dear Farmer Bill—If Pedro is a bull on the Whiz Bang farm, who is the chief of police of Robbinsdale?—***Jimmy James.***

Constable Bloberger says he'll show you who's chief if you just start any monkey-doodle business here.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—How can I tell the horse power of my automobile?—***Belle Hoppe.***

Look under your hood. All I can find in mine is six plugs.

* * *

Hazel—Always bear in mind that a cafe that is stingy with its butter gets few customers.

April Fool Is With Us Again

(From the Calgary Eye-Opener)

"Mummie, Mummie, there's a man in Bridget's room," shouted the young hopeful on the morning of April 1st.

"Is that so?" enquired the lady grimly.

"April fool. April fool," shouted the kid, "it's only daddie."

* * *

"The evening in a crimson glow is darkening in the west,
The sun behind a bob-tail flush is sinking down to rest,
The planets light the heavens with the glow of their cigars,
The sky has put its night-shirt on and buttoned it with stars."

* * *

Almost Shocking

(From Salt Lake Telegram)

"I would like to give some lady my seat," said the Sing Sing prisoner, as the executioner was about to press the button.

* * *

The Vamp

A little vamp, a low-turned lamp,
A heart filled high with hope.
A wisp of hair, a shoulder bare,
All this is deadly dope.

A booted pa, a nightgowned ma,
A muffled cry, a choke,
A sudden jar, a shooting star,
All this is deadlier dope.

* * *

A Jewish gentleman employed a Gentile wet-nurse, saying, "I vish mine leedle ikey to gommence early in life to get his liffing out of der Shentiles."

* * *

There was a little dry guy,
And he had a little jug,
Which was hidden very carefully out of sight.
In the day, he'd damn the wet guys,
And call them naughty names,
But he'd hit that little jug most every night.

No, It Wasn't a Vamp Picture

Ole Johnson came directly from the forests in Sweden to a lumber camp in northern Minnesota. On a recent visit to the village of Pequot he saw the moving pictures for the first time in his life.

"You yust bet Ay had gude time," he said, relating his experience back at camp, "An' would you believe me? Ay vent in vun place where dey squirt pictures on de wall!"

* * *

I've quit the holdup game,
I'll hang around the joint no more,
With a little sigh and a little cry,
The garter stretched out on the floor.

* * *

What Is So Rare as a Day In June?

TWO SKELETONS FLIRTING ON A TIN ROOF.
NICKEL-PLATED ICICLES.
GOLDEN SPURS ON POGO STICKS.
TEDDY BEARS IN A PAWNSHOP WINDOW.

* * *

These College Cut-ups

(From the University of Virginia Reel)

She—"Do you always take the other girls for such long walks?"
He—"No, it isn't always necessary."

* * *

Out at Universal City near Hollywood, Eddie Laemmle sent a cameraman to photograph white mice running up a woman's ankle and he returned with quite a number of close-up views.

* * *

Gus says that Maggie, the cook, may be Irish but that she speaks in broken China.

Hollywood Film Confidences

WANDA HAWLEY has found she can't fib and get away with it. Not long ago she went to the Federal building in Los Angeles to ask for a passport to England and told the clerk she was Selma Hawley, a housewife. When asked if she wasn't the screen star, she vehemently denied the fact. A certain J. Stewart Wilkinson also asked for a passport "for an indefinite period of time."

Now the passport folks, with a wary eye for criminals, did a little delving into "Selma's" past, and found that Wanda hadn't told the truth. They also disclosed the fact that Burton Hawley, the star's husband, had left her for parts unknown.

Now Wanda explains that J. Stewart Wilkinson is only a sort of manager who may fix it up for her to play in pictures abroad.

* * *

Blanche Sweet is taking the milk cure at a sanitarium in Long Beach, Cal.

The marital bonds of Gloria Swanson and her husband, Herbert K. Somborn, are about to be severed.

Marshall Neilan's car parks out in Beverly Hills very frequently.

The rumor still persists that Marshall's marriage to Blanche is like the vaccination that didn't take.

ONE director, who used to pony Latin students, was raving in his own intellectual way over Pola Negri. He said she had great emotional powers, heightened imagination, color, depth, terrific dramatic perception, etc., etc., etc.

"She's more biteable than kissable," broke in another director who used to knock 'em out in the ring before art called him to the screen.

And the Four Roses went the rounds again.

* * *

John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte are seen together dancing at the cafes quite frequently. Marguerite was formerly engaged to Mitchell Leisen, the art director, who, 'tis said, designed her clothes with an expert's ability and fitted her bronze hair and long lashed hazel gold eyes into a wonderful decorative scheme of things. Then, Marguerite, having become ultra-chic, used all the secrets of her fiance's expensive art education in winning another!

* * *

THEY say sweet little Doris Eaton's entire family is trying to entice her to New York and away from Joe Gorham, her recently wedded spouse, who was arrested during Breakfast Number 1 for snitching $10,000 from a trusting film star.

* * *

When you are asked to the Billy Wellman-Helene Chadwick home for dinner you never know whether they will be there or not. It is always best to 'phone in advance, for many times a squabble has rent the house in twain during the afternoon and no one is at home!

Billy was a famous flyer in France—a Lafayette Esquadrille man—but when he came home the Goldwyn

Company paid him only $40 per for his services as assistant director. Helene was getting $450, so that in itself was cause for friction in the lives of any two perfect mates.

When the George Melford Company was at Catalina about three years ago, Helene gave her ring back to Billy and told him she never wanted to see him again. These scenes have been repeated too oft for harmony and late reports have it that their ship of state is now splintered on a high rock.

Helene is also sueing the Goldwyn Company for alleged breach of contract.

* * *

JUANITA HANSEN got awfully generous when she assured Russek's famous fur shop in New York that her chum, Ruth Palmer, would pay for the fur coat she wanted. And when the shopkeeper was dubious, Juanita went so far as to dart fire from her nostrils and write her own promise to pay on a nice little pad. Now Ruth has defaulted on her payments and the honor is up to Juanita.

* * *

Sid Franklin, director, takes Rosemary Theby around to lots of theatres and jazz emporiums.

* * *

POLA better get Charlie up to the altar soon now that that other howling beauty "from furrin parts" is coming out to Hollywood to go in "pichers." He's been quite a butterflusie the last two years. She is Marie Jeritza, Metropolitan Opera star who knocked Geraldine Farrar for a goal. Marie has a husband but what's that northwest of Los Angeles?

At the last Sixty Club Ball in New York, Rudolph and wives Number 1 and 2 were present the same evening. No casualties were reported.

* * *

MAE BUSCH has been playing in pictures for years and years but just got a starring contract with Goldwyn. Not until deliciously naughty persons like Valentino, Pola Negri, Nita Naldi—and Mae—became popular, did she get her chance.

Now Mae can boldly assert (quoting Bert Savoy), "I'm not a bad woman; I'd like to be much worse."

* * *

Nita Naldi is off Southern California because the Ambassador Hotel told her she simply must wear stockings!

* * *

MARY MILES MINTER is in for a long wait if the object of her matrimonial desires is Louis Sherwin, well known writer and critic, for Mrs. Sherwin who, with the three little Sherwins, lives in a picturesque old mill at Oyster Bay, New York and who does a bit of writing herself, says she has no intention of giving Louis his freedom. Mary is going to New York, have her voice cultivated and return to the stage, she says. Remember, Louis may get tired of waiting, too, Mary!

* * *

Eddie Foy went to hear Coue, was inspired by the "better and better" stuff and got married again. Eddie voices the belief that the seven little Foys will soon become eleven.

GENO CORRADO, who plays a leading role in "My American Wife" with Gloria Swanson has recently taken unto himself a Yankee girl in the person of Bernice Askin, just returned from a tour of the vaudeville circuits. Corrado comes from a well known family of Florence, Italy.

* * *

Our March dope on Jack Dempsey is a romance with Doris Deane.

April showers will wash up new angle-worms.

* * *

A DIRECTOR has been tactfully suggesting that Viola Dana let her bobbed hair grow long again. Viola says short skirts, bobbed hair and jazz music are her story and she's going to stick to them.

* * *

Frankie Bailey, the one-time toast of New York musical shows and famous for her shapely legs, was one of the extras in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Stage struck matinee girls, please note.

* * *

WARREN BOVARD, in the front rank of Los Angeles society eligibles, paid quite marked attention to Lois Wilson last year. The beautiful film star was his partner at the Bachelor's Ball—the crowning social event of the year in Los Angeles society.

Recently Bovard announced his engagement to a young student miss at the University of Southern California, where he acts as comptroller.

Gay Old Paree

(From New York Herald Special Paris Correspondence)

Americans who have registered at the Paris hotels this week are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dreyfus, Mrs. G. Augusta Cohen, M. S. Gerald Cohen, Mrs. Morris Meyer, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Wiener, Miss S. Wiener, N. S. Kupfsky, I. Rosenthal, wife and children, Asher Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Kohlberg, Samuel Greenblatt, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Baer, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Goldschmidt, Rabbi Louis P. Garfunkel, Henry Goldfarb and wife, Montague Levy, Jascha Blumenthal and party, and several hundred others.

* * *

Drunk, peering into berth in which the fair wife is asleep: "Shay, one of you two young ladies'll have to get out of my berth."

* * *

The Older the Baldhead, etc.

A boy stood back on the gallery floor,
At the naughty girlie show,
And cast his earnest glances o'er
Bald-headed sin below.
"I'm too far back," he sadly said;
Yet he dared not foreward go,
For he saw his aged father's head
First in the foremost row.

* * *

We asked our girl to go to church Sunday night, but her mother invited herself along—so we went to church.

* * *

"O, corsets," said the camisole,
"You don't look well tonight."
The stays replied: "Upon the whole,
I think I'm rather tight.
But you yourself don't look too well;
There's nothing wrong, I trust,"
The camisole said, "Truth to tell,
I've been upon a bust."

Pasture Pot Pourri

The Board Bill That Bored Bill

Bill had a bill board,
Bill also had a board bill,
The board bill bored Bill,
So that Bill sold the bill board,
To pay his board bill,
So after Bill sold his bill board,
To pay his board bill,
The board bill no longer bored Bill.

* * *

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

* * *

Twenty-five Years Ago in Robbinsdale

"Huh"
"Uh-huh"
"Whoa"

* * *

"You win the bovine lavalier," said Gus as he hung the cow bell around the neck of our new Holstein Freisian Bull-calf, King Akkrummer Ormsby, the 8th.

* * *

The stork is a bird with a great big bill,
He brings us the babies whenever he will,
Then comes the doctor when he is through—
You'll find he has a big bill, too.

* * *

Our Monthly Beauty Hint

Before appearing in evening gown be sure and shave your axillae.

Perhaps He Likes Pie

"The best thing for you," said the doctor, solemnly, "is to give up cigars, whisky, late hours—"

"Hold on, doctor," interrupted the patient, "what's the next best thing."

* * *

They say the baby looks like me,
A circumstance I dreaded;
But the only likeness I can see
Is that we're both bald-headed.

* * *

A fish caught near Greenland had 22,341,000 eggs inside. We are going to read this to Pedro.

* * *

Song Entitled:

"Papa get the hammer, there's a fly on baby's head."

* * *

Inquisitive person at summer resort—"Say, grandpop, how old are you?"

Grandpop (glancing at the sea-side seraphs)—"Ninety—dammit."

* * *

"What kind of a step is that?"
"We call it the "horse walk."
"Why call it that?"
"Wagon behind."

* * *

We've No Objections if Rosebud Hasn't

Olaf was making a visit to Deacon Miller's hired girl and as they were walking through the fields, they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love.

"The sight of that makes we want to do the same thing," said Olaf.

"Go ahead," she replied, "it's Captain Billy's cow."

Whiz Bang Broadcasting Program

Closing market on dog biscuits by Pequot School of Expression. Pawnship time; signals. Any old time; signals. Ku Klux clucking by all the chickens. Musical raid on Pedro's stall by Olaf, with ukelele and shovel. Good night song, Hark, the lark, and other bedtime yawns.

* * *

Happiness In Every Box

Said a maiden demure, by name Mandy,
Who was simply devoted to candy,
"My kisses shan't be sold
For silver or gold,
But candy," said Mandy—"That's dandy!"

* * *

Our Monthly Fruit Lesson

Lots of pairs are found under the trees in Minneapolis parks in the summer months.

* * *

"What am I arrested for?"
"You are charged with having voted eight times."
"Charged, eh?" muttered the prisoner. "That's queer, I expected to be paid for it."

* * *

One touch of humor makes the whole world grin.

* * *

A patch in the seat of a boy's pants is something new under the son.

* * *

Olaf says that our Robbinsdale shoemaker is surely going to kill himself, because he lit his strong pipe the minute Olaf pulled off his shoes to have them fixed.

Pays Her Installments at Home

Two kiddies were engaged in a bragging match.

"My mummies's gone to the shops to pay some bills,' vaunted Joan.

"My mummie doesn't have to," sneered Doris. "The men come to the house for ours."

* * *

"I don't want to keep that school-girl complexion," said the boy as he brushed the powder off his lapel.

* * *

Parisian Passion

By Jack O'Lantern

"Mon Dieu, how you love me," she breathed. Yes, she breathed even though he was loving her.

"I do love you," he breathed. But then, breathing had become such a habit with him that he did it all the time.

"I hope our love will be free and eternal," came a low murmur from the depths of her full heart.

"At least I hope it will be free," came the murmur from the depths of his full stomach.

* * *

Dream not of the future,
The present is all you have,
The future will soon be the present,
And the present will soon be the past.

* * *

Shame on You, Charley

(From the Flint Journal)

Wanted—Housekeeper who is willing to go anywhere. Meet me 3 to 6 at fountain by Union Trust Bank. Chas. Bellinger.

* * *

Old and Mild But Satisfying

Sunday School Teacher—"Where do good little girls go?"

Little Girl—"To heaven."

Sunday School Teacher—"Where do bad little girls go?"

Little Girl—"Down to the depot to see the traveling men come in."

Another Abrupt Finish

Holiday times, with their Easter Mondays and Good Fridays and what not, are dreadfully confusing to the mind. Take the case of the poor little woman, who hearing a manly footstep on the landing called softly:

"Come in, George."

"What do you mean, and who are you calling 'George?'" sourly demanded the visitor, whose name was Tom, and whose money paid the rent.

And before she could stop herself, the poor girl blurted out:

"Well, ain't I a silly! I keep thinking it's Monday!"

* * *

If I were a blossom and you were the breeze,
I'd nod you a welcome of fragrant delight;
You'd kiss me—I know it with cool careless ease
That lingers long after a blossom's good-night.

* * *

The Frenchman kneeled before the girl and kissed her finger-tips, but she fell for the Doughboy that soon came by and kissed her dainty lips.

* * *

We Still Like the Amiable Heifer

A farmer once called his cow Zephyr,
She seemed such an amiable hephyr,
When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear,
And now the old farmer's much dephyr.

* * *

The girl who looks and drops her eyes is very probably more dangerous than the one with the game goo-goo.

* * *

As he walked with her baby,
He had to confess
That marriage with him,
Was a howling success.

* * *

A fur collar on an overcoat is no evidence of a clean underskirt.

Buried Alive

(From the Herkimer (N. Y.) Citizen)

A tough customer who had imbibed too freely, lost his balance and fell head first into an open hole in the ground. When rescued he thought he had been interred alive and was in a very nervous condition.

* * *

"Try and Get It"

Into a saloon one day
Did that great bard Shakespeare stray.
Then, what to his great surprise,
On the floor to greet his eyes
Lay a giant golden piece;
Down went Shakespeare to his knees.
But to quote the poet Poe,
"It vas wet, und nodding mo'."
It was then that Shakespeare, I am told,
Said, "All that glitters is not gold."

* * *

Gone But Not Forgotten

(From the Calgary Eye-opener)

The sad death is reported of Benjamin F. Blink, a promising young business man. He had cut his throat from ear to ear. The late Mr. Blink was an expert pool player and is married but looked remarkably cheerful up to the time of his death. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Blink and all the little Blinks whom this tragedy has put on the Blink. Not lost, but gone before.

* * *

Stud Poker on the Farm

"Well, son, your father has raised you."
"Yes, and I'm going to raise him right back."

* * *

When she is out driving she likes to have me help her change a tire, but when she's up dressing she doesn't seem to want me to help her change attire.

* * *

Wanted—Boarders and Roomers

(Flint Sunday Journal)

Wanted—Young married couple to room and board. Prefer one whose husband works nights. Phone 4552-W. 1019 N. Stevenson.

* * *

Chorus girls should not be vaccinated in the wings.

Robbinsdale Society Notes

ET US say here, the society editor is pleased to acknowledge the arrival at the Whiz Bang Farm of a homely but well-bred bull calf, King Akkrummer Ormsby the 8th.

He was given to W. H. Fawcett, our farmer-editor, by Mr. Charles E. Lewis, of Minneapolis, nationally known in bond, grain and cotton circles, at the behest of his nephew, Leonard S. Allen.

Pedro didn't take to his new pal very affectionately, biting chunks out of his stall and bellowing that the blueblooded pedigree label was all bull. Pedro's first prank was to line up Rosebud and all the other kine and for a time nobody would have anything to do with the handsome young Bullentino.

At the end of the first disheartening week Akkrummer broke down. "Oh, why am I different from other boys?" he sobbed to Olaf. "I have to live and I can find no work. What shall I do?"

"Read this," replied Mr. Fawcett's Swedish snoose-hound and pitchfork pedagogue, handing his young friend a book on "Coueflapposophy" by Dr. Coue.

Akkrummer read it and next morning a very changed young gentleman cow started out to find a job, and now Olaf says that every day in every way Ormsby is getting bullier and bullier.

* * *

Oscar O. Thormaldson has been confined to his house in Golden Valley with delirium tremens for the past few days.

* * *

MISS ALTITUDE HIGHFLIER gave a charming musicale down at the Robbinsdale police station Saturday night. She was screaming to beat the band and had to be given a shot of snow.

* * *

The Sugar Valley Methodist Ladies' Aid will give a navy bean supper next Wednesday from six to eight o'clock to be followed by a musical program.

* * *

HARVEY FAWCETT, business manager of the Robbinsdale Family Guardian, hustled half a dozen bottles of blended medicine last Friday and gave an interesting Bun Social at his palatial flat on the farm. Among the guests of honor were a former Minnesota Congressman, Andrew J. Volstead, Judge Page Morris, Mayor Howard, Chief Bloberger and Vern Ripley, who sets all the type for the old hand presses of the Guardian.

The table was effectively arranged with a profusion of bottled bevo.

Ecstacy

Her eyes were like pools of cold clam chowder, deep and mysteriously lovely. Her nose was piquantly upturned, like the handle of a coffee-pot. Her mouth, red as a fresh-cooked sausage, had that delightful curve to it so much admired in a pretzel. Her neck was full and round, delicately moulded as a sack of flour. Oh, she was beautiful.

* * *

I paddle my own, can u?

* * *

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."
But he is doubly foolish who tries by man-made laws
To stop the flow of scandal from an old maid's jaws.

* * *

The first half of life is spent in longing for the second; the second half in regretting the first.

* * *

Ain't It the Truth?

They used to sing sometime ago
A rather plaintive song.
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

But nowadays the song is set
With music to the rhyme;
Man wants as much as he can get
And wants it all the time.

* * *

Did your dead husband leave you much?
Every night in the week.

* * *

Please Give Us Credit

Next to the originator of a good saying is the editor that publishes the remark.

Oh! Mister Gallagher! Oh! Nursie Shean

The Gallaghers were not on very good terms. They had had no quarrel; they had simply drifted apart. Little Joan, the only daughter, had observed the estrangement with sorrow; and one day at breakfast she was struck with a bright idea.

"Daddy," she exclaimed, joyously, "why don't you pretend that mummy is nursie, and give her a nice big kiss?"

* * *

"The Height of Indifference"

TO SPILL COFFEE ON YOUR LAP AND NOT CARE WHICH LEG IT RUNS DOWN.

* * *

When once asked which creature gives the worst bite, Lacrtes replied: "Of wild beasts, the Informer; of tame beasts, the Flatterer."

* * *

Song Hit Not By Irving Berlin

(*The audience will join in on the chorus*)

"My Heart Is Broken Since I Left the Girl I Kissed Behind."

* * *

"A young lady, with a poem, wishes to submit it to the editor," announced the stenographer.

"I'll be glad to look over her lines," replied Gus, who was using the editorial chair as a loafing place.

* * *

No real modest girl will not look at a battleship when it is stripped for action.

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."

WHILE in New York in January, by chance I ran across an old grave in Trinity Churchyard, just inside the iron fence that skirts Broadway, at the head of Wall Street. That priceless piece of real estate is sanctified with the ashes of Charlotte Temple, a beautiful girl who loved "not wisely but too well" in the days of the American Revolution. The story of Charlotte Temple is the oft-told story of a young woman of a fine family who fell by the treachery of an English officer. The rude awakening was forgotten in the sleep of death.

I could not help thinking how hard society sometimes is on the girl whose life has been marred by the destruction of that most delicate of all fabrics—a woman's virtue. And yet the world has gone far since the days depicted in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." We have a few scarlet-lettered women walking on our streets, so garbed and marked that all may note their sin. Rather the mark is on their souls, and buried where but one All-Seeing eye can note.

There never was a time when social distinctions should be less venomous than today. A thousand ways are open to the erring that were closed in the past. Forgetting the past, one can rise about the "closed incident," and forge on to better things.

If a man can redeem himself and society receive him with open arms and forget, why cannot the same attitude be assumed to the girl who is honest in the same endeavor? The advanced woman of the modern type declares that she must have the same privileges as the man. And, yet, this very woman will draw her skirt a little tighter when she finds out that her neighbor woman has had a "past."

* * *

GERMANY may be made to pay or she may not; we may have to send all the gold we have left to Europe but the philosopher will console himself with the thought that the oyster supply will be larger and better than ever this season.

* * *

Scotland is one country that is at least making an effort to liquidate its debt.

* * *

THIS year the water wagon carries no flag, but every passenger wages a flagon.

Every single and separate passenger has taken a solemn oath to never, never drop a drink during 1923. They all sing with much

gusto and spontaneous enthusiasm as they roll along:

"In the land of the stew,
And the home of the rave."

They go past a saloon like a bootlegger past an income tax collector, and now only stop at ice cream parlors, pool rooms, barber shop, cigar stores, drug stores, grocery stores, shoemaker shops, tailor shops, banks, tanks, garages, office buildings, dance halls, lunch rooms, social clubs and town halls.

* * *

USELESS volumes have been written on the psychology of women—useless, because the psychology of women is really quite simple. That which they want to do they do; that which they want to hear they listen to; and that which they want to say they say. Behold, there it is in a sentence!

* * *

MARRIAGE may be more expensive than keeping single—nobody believes now in that cold-blooded lie about enough for one being enough for two—but, all the same, it's a darn sight cheaper than rushing a sweetheart.

* * *

IT IS safe to lay down as a truism that all gossip originates with married men, who tell their wives the spicy stuff in the strictest confidence before falling asleep. The strictest confidence end of it is faithfully kept until the next afternoon and then—zip!

IN OUR travels, it has been our misfortune to run against twin beds once or twice. They may be the fashion all right but I just can't seem to get used to them.

Mrs. Bill describes them as "the abomination of modern civilization. They are neither comfortable for two nor satisfactory for one."

* * *

LET'S go to Europe, boys. There has been quite a rush of men to try and join the Swiss Customs. Owing to the low value of the mark in Germany, ladies, suitably dressed —or perhaps "undressed" is the correct word— have been crossing the frontier into Germany. They then proceed to invest in complete outfits of those fluffy things that men never see—lingerie of all descriptions. Every woman crossing from Switzerland must undergo a thorough customs examination. And as all wearing apparel has to be stamped with its country of origin, she has to be examined coming back as well.

Eight of the hard-working officials already have had to invest in little tin cups, faithful dogs on the ends of string, and brass plates marked "Pity the poor Blind."

* * *

Animal existence is not life. I have seen intellectual imbeciles as fat as pork and as rosy as health and as vigorous as life and as mentally dead as a door mat. God may use ignorant men, but God has no use for the ignorance of

ignorant men. The mole on the face of a mighty man never made the man mighty. Use your brains or lose them.

* * *

A certain young chap of my acquaintance took sheep gland tablets for a whole month and then let a bootlegger fleece him.

* * *

According to the village Dirge, the Nobel peace prize for 1922 was awarded to Fred Hommes, enterprising Robbinsdale garageman, who flaunts the sign: Automobile Repairing and Ford Fixing."

* * *

The ex-Kaiser denies the report that he underwent a monkey-gland treatment, in preparation for his marriage. People have said some hard things about Wilhelm since 1914; but it is understood that this is the statement which he resents most of all.

* * *

If your income tax figuring is wrong you go to jail, if it is right you go to the poorhouse.

* * *

The young man who sits and says little at the evening party, is more usually a hundred per cent better hope than the goop who fluently shoots the—well, you know!

* * *

Beware of the forepart of a woman, the hind part of a mule and all parts of a hypocrite.

We Can't Think of Heading for This

The rich merchant had been very ill; and, as he got better, he cast the eye of gladness upon the attractive young nurse who had been so kind and good during the crisis.

"Nurse," he said suddenly one morning, "will you marry me?"

The girl's only reply was a peal of silvery laughter.

"You needn't laugh," said the patient, savagely. "You don't know what a h— of a job I shall have to get my wife to divorce me."

* * *

Recently in Minneapolis Deacon Callahan stepped up to a lonesome lady in the hotel lobby and inquired, "Are you looking for a particular person?"

"I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."

* * *

Overheard in a Gym

"May I kiss you on the forehead?"

"Not unless you want a bang in the mouth."

"Well than may I kiss you on the chin?"

"Not unless you want a bust on the jaw."

* * *

"If marriage is the cemetery of love, I'm surely booked for a funeral next week," said Patsy O'Houlahan as her old man chased him with a shotgun.

* * *

It is better to be the head of an ass than the tail of a horse.

* * *

Many a coat that is long and wide
May hide a patch of pants inside.

* * *

The fat man said he liked to dance but he required a concave partner.

Farmyard Filosophy

A woman forgives much to the man who is a good lover.

* * *

Loose drapery is the sartorial food of love.

* * *

Some men are known by the places they can't get in to.

* * *

A man should not stick his nose in his neighbor's pot.

* * *

A ripple of laughter is worth an ocean of tears.

* * *

Some men are like brooks—noisy but shallow.

* * *

The first kiss, like the first of everything, comes only once in a life time.

* * *

Never judge by appearances. The gazook that wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy.

* * *

Lots of cock-eyed men are straight even though their looks are deceiving.

* * *

Never strike a man when he's down—jump on him.

* * *

A hypocrite is a man who tries to be pious and can't with a preponderance of cant.

* * *

Troubles today may look as big to you as a mountain, but snap out of it—tomorrow they may shrink to a mole hill.

Age and wedlock tame man and beast.

* * *

The bashful pig makes poor pork.

* * *

A starved belly has no ears.

* * *

Some women are born to be widows—it is their vocation.

* * *

A grave digger digs but a gold digger assays.

* * *

A miser is a man who possesses a heart that would make a hickory nut look like a football.

* * *

Gus says health is a great thing to have, especially when a fellow's sick.

* * *

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

* * *

Love conquers all things except poverty, toothache and a real thirst.

* * *

Waste neither time nor talent in making a square object fit a round hole.

* * *

The man who hesitates is lost and so is the woman who doesn't.

* * *

Shoot straight in life, as you would in forest, field or target range. Your aim is not enough—hit, that's what counts.

* * *

No woman feels so securely in love with one man that she does not keep an eye out for another one.

Smokehouse Poetry

(The following dash of poetry, "The Kobuc Maiden," comes to the Whiz Bang farm from far off Nome, Alaska:

"If this meets your approval and you decide to give it space in Whiz Bang, do not forget to fire a copy in this direction to the author of this letter. It takes months to get my mail from the outside and we miss the Whiz Bang in between times.—(Signed)—Northwesterly Yours."

The letter is dated October 25th, Nome, Alaska, postmarked December 1st and was received by Captain Billy January 26th.)

"The Kobuk Maiden"

Where the sun shines bright at midnight all through the month of June,
Where the winter's sun sheds twilight on the snow and ice at noon,
Lived a dusky dark-eyed maiden; and her heart was free from care,
And she thought not of the morrow as she ate her salmon rare.
Her hands and feet were dainty; she could sing the mission psalms;
But a little soap and water would have added to her charms.
She could run before her dog team and laugh with childish glee;
And the waters of the Kobuk rippled onward toward the sea.

When the Kotzebue excitement brought a crowd of miners there,
There was one young man among them, with blue eyes and sorrel hair.
He was smitten with the maiden, and he was often seen
Hanging 'round her little igloo (which was not so very clean).
At home he was fastidious, 'twould be difficult to tell
How he became accustomed to that sweet peculiar smell.
He bought her flour and bacon,—sugar beans and lots of tea;
And the waters of the Kobuk rippled onward toward the sea.

When the sun came back in summer, and the winter's storms were spent,

The miners left the country, where they hadn't found a cent.
Empty cabins—rude reminders of the days of ninety-nine,
Stand all along the water midst the stumps of spruce and pine.
On the banks of Crooked River, sits a maiden all forlorn;
"Kabloona kow kow peluk" (all the white man's grub is gone).
A blue-eyed pickaninnie now she holds upon her knee;
As the waters of the Kobuk ripple onward toward the sea.

—By Edwin H. Black.

* * *

Me and My Pup

By Dana Sleeth

My pup—
Damn him!
Every time a sparrow twitters—
He barks.
Every time the moon beams—
He howls.
No pride of ancestry does he know.
His mother was an Airdale
No better than she should have been.
His dad was a pit bull—
And a traveling man.
He shows pit bull,
And Scotch terrier,
And the hootch hound strain as well.
Just now he went and killed a fifty dollar rooster.
If it wasn't for his big brown eyes,
And his perky, twitching ears,
And his confiding grin,
And the three wrinkles on his dome.
I'd butcher the brute
And have peace.

My pup—
God love him!
Such a tiny bit of dog morsel.
But he's gotta lot of fine blood in him.
He has the fire of the terrier,
The nose of the hound,

The nerve of the pit bull,
And the wit of the Airdale
All together.
Today an old boar hog turned on me
With a sudden gnashing of his yellow tusks—
Caught me in the pen;
Didn't even have a fork—
A grisly, maddened brute,
Whom I had interrupted
In a love scene.
And what cha know?
That durn bit of a pup
Just naturally hove over the fence
And nailed the devil by the ear,
And hung on,
Until I got a club
And mopped up the enemy.
Some pup, wot?

* * *

Advice to My Young Wife

By Maxwell Bodenheim

You have shattered your hands
Against a lusterlessly brooding door
And called it life.
Life is breathlike shapelessness
That you must cut to fugitives
Of sound and color trampled by your feet.
Life is like the air
Bounding with unannounced frankness
Into beards of thieves and mountain-sides.
Offer all things myriad points
To sharply coil about your heart.
When naked breasts ask for the sword,
It often clatters to the floor.

* * *

Ravings of a Moon-Maddened Man

Composed by our Scandinavian Svengali

The night was day; the still wind blew,
While under the ocean an elephant flew,
And from his trunk, all tattered and torn,
He gulped a gallon of "Home-made corn."

Scandalous Tale of Percival

(*With acknowledgement to Saturday Evening Post.*)

Percival Wilberforce Henderson Crane
Was married and dwelt up in Bethlehem, Maine.
He attended the church, and was fond of his wife,
And he lived a respectable virtuous life.
Now Genevieve Marguerite Valois Valence
Resided at Rouen, a city in France.
Her husband she loved in a manner insane,
For she never had heard about Percival Crane.
Each morning when Percival left for the day
He would kiss his wife fondly, then start on his way.
And at no other woman would Percival glance,
For he never had heard about Madame Valence.
Now Percival dreamed that through France he'd tour
With his wife and his kids; but, alas, he was poor,
For his salary was small; so poor Percival Crane
Was obliged to stay up in Bethlehem, Maine;
While Genevieve dreamed of a trip to the States,
But, alas, all her plans were upset by the Fates.
For her husband was poor; so she hadn't a chance
To travel from Rouen, a city in France.
So Percival still goes his virtuous way—
To church every Sunday, to business each day.
And at no other woman will Percival glance,
For he's never met Genevieve Valois Valence.
While Genevieve still leads a virtuous life.
Her husband she loves like a dutiful wife.
And no doubt she'll continue that way to remain,
For she's never met Percival Wilberforce Crane.

—Newman Levy.

* * *

The Eternal Question

Why don't the men propose, mama?
  Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
  And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mama,
  That everybody knows;
You fete the finest men in town,
  Yet, oh! they won't propose!

And what is to be done, mama?
  Oh! what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose,

For I am thirty-one;
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why won't the men propose, mama?
Why won't the men propose?

* * *

A Whiz Bang reader wants the poem: "Kelly's Dream." Who has it? Captain Billy also would like to have some kind reader send in the masterpiece of the Southwest: "Why Change the Name of Arkansas?"

* * *

Mebbe So! Mebbe So!

Do you suppose, if all the world, some day,
Should come around my grave and say,
"Here lies one who can never be forgot"—
I should care aught for it if you came not?"
But if alone you came and said with tears—
"Here lies one that I love"—ah, then the years
Since we had met would quickly fade away,
And heaven for me be reckoned from that day.

* * *

The Man and His Job

I haven't much faith in the man who complains,
Of the work he has chosen to do.
He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains,
And, maybe, a hypocrite too.
He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob;
Away with the man who finds fault with his job!
But give me the man with the sun in his face,
And the shadows all dancing behind,
Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace,
And never forgets to be kind;
For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab,
I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

* * *

A Good Old Scout on Our Rural Route

A goodly old farmer, McVay,
Worked hard on his farm every day,
But he met a kind man,
On the confidence plan,
And now he is back making hay.

Bait

O Sisters, dear, come closer, do,
And let me tell you a thing or two:
Since time first was, since the world began,
The prey of a woman has been a man.
She'll work and scheme and plan and plot,
And sometimes she gets him and—sometimes not.
But, Sisters, on this you can always bank:
If you've tried and failed, you've yourself to thank;
You can blame your stars, you can rail at Fate;
But the fault was your own—and your kind of bait.
Now, a man is a male; and the male, you know,
Has always thought he's the whole blamed show.
He wants to think that he stands alone,
That brains and sense are his very own.
He doesn't like women to poach around
On what he regards as his sacred ground.
They can smile and be pretty and sweet and all that,
But they musn't possess the brains of a gnat;
Because if they do they'll quickly see
How vain is his boast of supremacy.
They'd see that he wasn't the whole blamed show
So he falls for the woman who doesn't know!
A man may admire a woman with brains
And sense enough to come in when it rains,
But he falls for the one with the curly hair
And the great big blue-eyed baby stare.
The woman who does things he thinks is fine—
But he marries the helpless clinging vine.
And the virgin wise who will bait her hook
With that "aren't-you-simply-wonderful!" look,
Who "loves his strength" and "adores his skill,"
Who confesses to having no mind or will,
Who clings to and leans on the masterful male,
Is the one who has never been known to fail.
O Sisters, listen: these things are so.
I've landed my fish—and you bet I know!

* * *

There was a little sad bad lad
Who had a charming plaid clad dad;
They both enjoyed a glad mad fad
Of eating pickled shad salad.

Winter Golf

A young officer at Letterman hospital desiring to curry favor with his chief, and knowing the latter's interest in golf, mentioned that he also played a little.

"That's fine. What do you go around in?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh," nonchalantly, "Just my regular clothes."

* * *

Just for old time sake let's all join
in that buzzing melody:
They sat upon the old gray bonnet
With the Bumblebee upon it.
And everything was happy and gay
Until that Bumblebee got busy
And stung poor Aunt Lizzie
On her Golden Wedding Day.

* * *

Feels Herself Skidding

(From the Smart Set)

Last year I desired her greatly, but without success. Last night I engaged her in chatter and she kept insisting how she adored her husband.

I then realized that it would be only a question of waiting.

* * *

A woman praises a man for those qualities she knows he would like to possess; a man praises a woman for those qualities he knows she never will possess.

* * *

An Ohio Farmer Freak

(From the Miami Herald)

WANTED SITUATION—Farmer from Ohio wants situation where ability to produce milk and eggs will be appreciated. Box U-6, Herald.

Nights Too Chilly, Anyway

A Jewish girl was going to dances and masquerade balls all the time. So one day her father said to her: "Rachel, for vhy do you go to so many dances and masquerade balls?" "Why, father," she said, "I want to get me a husband." "Never mind, my daughter, you stay home, I get you a husband without dances and masquerade balls."

* * *

Somebody is Getting Nosey

(From the Chicago Tribune)

Women students at Northwestern university are outstripping the men.

* * *

There are three types of men who succeed with women: men who make them wonder, men who make them worry, and men who make them weep.

* * *

One thing in Olaf's favor—he aims carefully when slobbering his snuff into the gaboon.

* * *

The Aggie College Yell

Fertilizer, Fertilizer
Get your full,
Ormsby, Pedro,
Whiz Bang Bull.

* * *

Experience is a school where a fellow learns what a big chump he has been.

* * *

"I have a taste for good literature," said the goat as he chewed up a copy of Captain Billy's Winter Annual.

* * *

Walking sticks were invented when Eve presented Adam with a little Cain.

Whisperings Along Broadway

AT LAST the movies can boast of something new—at least to the screen. George Melford has been staging—guess what?—for his forthcoming production, "You Can't Fool Your Wife." Nothing more or less than a bootleggers' ball. Boy, you should have been there, as Bert Savoy says. It was some wild affair as done at the Famous Players Long Island studios. Better watch for it in the fil-ems.

* * *

The latest step in the strange career of Pauline Frederick is her unsuccessful suit to break the will of her father, a wealthy Connecticut resident. Papa cut off Pauline without a cent and deliberately specified the zero award in his will. When one recalls that Miss Frederick has three unsuccessful marriages behind her and a scintillating movie career, one wonders at the workings of fate.

We can recall "Polly," as she was then known, when she was a gorgeously appealing young siren in a Biblical play, "Joseph and His Brethren." Rather appropriately she was playing Potiphar's wife, she who longed for the coat of many colors. Just now Miss Frederick is back on the stage.

* * *

SPEAKING of stage plays reminds us that Sessue Hayakawa, the Jap, participated in as complete a footlight flop as has ever greeted a screener. Sessue starred in a mystery

thriller which died after a few weeks on the road. Hayakawa is another instance of the weird workings of fate. Here is an excellent actor who never seems to be able to get a good role, either on the silversheet or the stage. Racial barriers forever doom him to play sinister yellow villains or worthy saffron gentleman who love but lose nobly.

* * *

These film stars—bless 'em—are forgetful. F'instance' there's Owen Moore. A New York garage keeper recently got a judgment against him on the claim that the actor forgot all about the little item of a three months' bill for his car's upkeep. Owen declared the car wasn't his'n—and there you are.

* * *

THE New York stage world is still laughing over the way the movie magnates on the coast were bidding against themselves to get Edward Rose's drama, "The Rear Car," which was tried out in Los Angeles. Finally Goldwyn purchased it for $17,500. Then the Selwyns brought the play East and it promptly failed before it could even reach Manhattan. Thus the Goldwyn forces kicked in $17,500 for a cold flop.

* * *

My, my, so Nita Naldi's real name isn't quite so Italian after all. For we hear that Nita actually sports (or at least she once did) the cognomen of Dooley. Ye Gods of the Cinema! Anyway, Nita showed discrimination in picking a worthy electric-light name. At that, Nita isn't all Irish. Mama was a wop! We say all this

in kindly fashion for, heaven knows, Nita is no poseur. If she'd only train down and stop being a perfect 46.

* * *

THE Shakespearean vogue—now holding the New York speaking stage in its grip—is invading the films. Here is Joseph Schenck offering the role of Romeo to Rodolph Valentino—that is the role of the famous lover opposite Norma Talmadge's Juliet. Rodolph, by the way, ought to do something about his hair. Day by day, in every way, it's getting thinner and thinner. Imagine a bald sheik!

This Valentino is still at the crest of his meteoric popularity. He appeared at two big benefits recently in New York given for the Actors' Fund and was literally a riot. He won twenty-two curtain calls in his dance with his wife, Natacha Rambova, at one, and some fourteen recalls at the other. At the first benefit most of the women in the audience got up and left after his act, crowding around the stage door to witness his exit. At the last benefit they had the foresight to put him on last.

* * *

Speaking of Valentino, reminds us of the quarrel between Guy Bates Post and Richard Walton Tully. Tully had a strong affection for Post and presented him on the stage as a star for years. When Tully turned to films, he made Post a cinema star in the plays he had acted in the speakies. Along came the production of "Omar the Tentmaker." Tully had an opportunity to get Valentino for the role of Omar for but $750 a week. That was before Rudy's hit. But his sense of obligation to Post caused him to put the stage star in his original role.

Only the other day Post broke with Tully, seemingly forgetting all about what he owed to his backer. Now "Omar the Tentmaker" is something of a screen mediocrity, largely due to Post's failure as a film personality. Still, Tully can moralize on the gratitude of humanity—and how much "Omar" would have earned had Valentino played the part.

* * *

NOW appears Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to star in the movies, backed by his mamma, the divorced wife of the strenuous star. A whole generation of child stars seems about to descend upon us, what with offspring of Richard Barthelmess, Conrad Nagel, Fred Niblo, Claire Windsor, Jack Holt and dozen of other celluloid notables on the horizon. Apparently the only star safe from having a junior bearing his name in the electric lights is Jackie Coogan.

* * *

Mention of Jackie reminds us of the report that there is a possibility of the stork bringing a brother or a sister to Jackie. Mrs. Coogan, who ought to know, denied it on her recent visit to Manhattan with Jackie. Just imagine how the movie magnates would sit on her step as the event approached, waiting to sign up another Jackie, or maybe a Jacqueline, Coogan.

* * *

THIS boy Ramon Novarro seems to have hit it off with a smash. Off the screen he is quite innocuous. Yet the lad is something of a business man, for has he not just signed a contract with Marcus Loew for five years, whereby he will receive a salary ranging from $12,500 a week the first year to $5,000 a week the

fifth? Pretty good for a tango hoofer. How it must startle his father, a mild little dentist down in Mexico. Still Ramon's salary will help towards the upkeep of the family, which includes a dozen or more brothers and sisters.

* * *

The career of S. J. Rothapfel is an interesting example of the golden touch of the films. Not so many years ago Rothapfel was manager of the old Lyric theatre in Minneapolis, prior to which he owned a little movie that showed twice a week in the back room of a saloon in a Pennsylvania mining town. All of which is quite a step to being managing director of the Capitol theater, the biggest playhouse in the world. Yet Rothapfel made the grade. Only the other day he sailed away for a brief vacation in Europe. He broke into the papers because he had a personal wireless set fixed in his steamship suite enabling him to listen to his own orchestra play every evening.

The cinema surely is a fairy godmother!

* * *

LOU TELLEGEN, who is on the Orpheum circuit out west, vows he did not send the red roses which Geraldine received in Boston, that he doesn't know who did, and that he has no proof any roses at all were sent, or positively no proof that they were red roses, and he doesn't care, if or who or but sent them, if anyone!

* * *

A judge, in technical terms, read a charge of breaking the Volstead Law before a film extra culprit last week.

The defendant looked bewildered then exploded his volley of truth. "Your Honor, I'm guilty but I'm willing to marry the girl."

Welcome Bigamists

(Kansas City Journal)

Denver 2741—Board and room; man and wife or two; modern home; half block from car line.

* * *

The Temperance Union called on an old man on his 100th birthday to get him to sign a statement to the effect that he owed his long life to the fact that he never touched liquor in any form. He was very old and feeble but complied with their request. Suddenly an awful commotion in the next room—someone swearing—breaking furniture and kicking over the stove.

Ladies frightened—"Mercy, what's that?"

Old man (feeble)—"Oh, it's only my father—he's drunk again."

* * *

Gus says his girl is so good she wouldn't even accompany a man on the piano without a chaperon.

* * *

In the palmy days of Minneapolis some twenty years ago, a gentleman dropped into one of the gambling joints, of which there were rather many, and the first thing he noticed in the room was a pair of fine red Irish setters.

"Fine dogs these," he said to the dealer, "are they broke?"

"I guess not. They haven't been in here five minutes yet."

* * *

Providence is always on the side of the best fighters.

* * *

Gus won't eat bananas because he says the seeds are too large.

* * *

Our national code of honor prohibits telling on a woman who has sensitive and athletic brothers.

Cowslips and Cucumbers

Such a Touching Appeal

(Personal in Tacoma Ledger)

If Mike Smith, who deserted his wife and baby about 20 years ago, will return, said baby will kick his supreme putrifaction into Helen ..

* * *

Hands Off the Housekeeper

(From Minneapolis Tribune)

RESPECTABLE lady prefers housekeeping position in country, respectable only. Address L907.

* * *

Experience Necessary But Not Required

(Indianapolis Star)

Stenographer—Male or female preferable; one who has had experience in taking long hikes; salary commensurate with ability. Address BB No. 146, Star.

* * *

Hurrah for Charming Ladies

(From the London Times)

Charming ladies' guest house beautifully furnished bedrooms with gas fires.

* * *

Green Stains Not So Good, Either

(From ittsburg Leader)

Her dancing partner asked if she liked Browning, but she said she thought it was very unbecoming in an evening gown.

* * *

We Hope It's Not Serious, Everett

(From the Bangor Commercial)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morse of Addison are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Crowley, on the birth of a boy, December 23. Everett Tibbetts has been confined to his home for the last ten days.

Bid 'Em Down, Boys

(From Boulder Daily Camera)

Bargain in glands offered by Mahoney sentenced to be hanged. Lowest bid gets 'em.

* * *

Boosting His Batting Average

(From the Hudson (Mass.) Enterprise)

George Quigley, formerly of this town, is now a member of the Haverhill fire department. He also has a family of five.

* * *

Sand Fleas Biting Her Royal Nibs

(From the Los Angeles Express)

Sander man wanted for sanding Queen Anne legs. LOS ANGELES WOODWORKING COMPANY, 1217 E. 14th St.

* * *

More Work For the Tailor

(From Minneapolis Journal)

LOST—A paper pattern for lady's knicker pants. Call Atlantic 7010. Reward.

* * *

Our Temperature is 100 Degrees

(From Chicago Tribune)

TO RENT—Furnished room to gentleman with heat. Inquire at 31 Main Street.

* * *

Monarch of the Road

(From the West Coast Lumberman)

George Startup, of the Wallace Lumber & Manufacturing Co., Sultan, Washington, has purchased a large, black Ford touring car.

* * *

What Every Girl Should Know

(From Voo Doo)

When he brings you home from a dance, don't say, "I had an enjoyable evening, Bill." A better impression is made if you clasp his hand between both of yours, gaze innocently into his eyes and murmur softly, "Thanks Bill, had a heluva fine time this evening. Enjoyed the taxi as much as the dance. Kiss your little pet good-night."

Anyhow, In Every Way, Etc.

"Ha!" we remarked to a genial farmer who was poring over a borrowed copy of the Whiz Bang. "You seem to be enjoying that magazine. Better subscribe."

"It's got too much damn bunk in it. The man that runs it should be shot."

"What do you know about running a magazine? You're a farmer aren't you?"

"That's true enough. But I know a rotten egg when I run across it, and I never laid one either."

* * *

Down in some parts of Georgia is rumored the Klan organization will be enlarged into a 4-Karat Kombination so as to include Koons, Kikes, Katholics and Krackers.

* * *

The old friend of the family was remonstrating with the reckless lad who was burning the candle, not only at both ends, but in the middle as well.

"You know, you are shortening your days with the kind of life you are leading," he wound up.

The bad lad yawned.

"At any rate, it's all the same. If, as you say, I'm shortening my days, I'm certainly lengthening my nights."

* * *

New York Society Note

Senor Pedro Holsteinio, of Habana, accompanied by his alleged wife, registered at the McAlpin Wednesday.

* * *

A divorce suit reminds me of ruined lingerie because it's the ripping of a combination.

* * *

Another great diamond discovery in Robbinsdale—Robert Kirby got five of them on the first deal.

* * *

The bee that gets the honey is the one that is always buzzing around the pretty flowers.

Whiz Bang Note Book

The Life of an Egyptian Archaeologist by Sir Chesterfield Cholmondelay is just out. This highly important literary masterpiece and the new Whiz Bang Winter Annual to be published this coming fall, are expected to be the two best sellers of 1923.

* * *

Gus was trying to sell Timmy Callahan a wind-broke horse and was trotting him around for Timmy's inspection. He stroked the horse's back and drew attention to his lovely coat.

"His coat's all right," said Timmy, "but I don't like his pants."

* * *

From the Cynical Notebook of Wild Oscar:

Of all the exponents of Prohibition the most illustrious are—the Turks.

* * *

Mebbe Sergeant is Buying Ford

"I don't like hard-tack," said the rookie at Mitchel Field.

"Don't you know that Caeser's army lived on this hard-tack?" said the mess sergeant.

"I thought it was old stuff," replied the rookie.

* * *

Many insects make over 200 *strokes of their wings in one second.*

* * *

"I thrashed Smith last night for kissing my wife."

"But you have kissed his."

"Well, it's his business to thrash me for that. That's his affair; I haven't anything to do with it."

* * *

When in Savannah, I saw an old colored woman standing over the grave of her husband.

"Poo' Alexandah!" she moaned. "He allus wanted to be king ob de United States! Ah hope dey crowns him on de odder side."

Our Rural Mail Box

Doris—No, "gentlemen's mixed doubles" have nothing to do with what you thought.

* * *

Fred McKay—Not all bootleggers are millionaires. We know two in St. Paul who've been in business only a couple of weeks.

* * *

May B., Miami—It is impossible for me to say if you will put on weight at the sea or not. Wait and see.

* * *

Farmer—Can't say why your sheep dog has gone lame. Perhaps it has the collie-wobbles.

* * *

Rosy Bronx—Sorry Santa Claus did not see your stocking. Maybe he was celebrating Passover.

* * *

Max I. Mum—You should try a peep sight on grizzlies and an open sight on Teddies.

* * *

I. C. U., Springdale—Yes, by all means, keep your Snowballs out of the sun.

* * *

Sal Iva, Boston—Why not wear a corsage of coxcomb to the Poultry Dealers' Ball?

Somebody's Been Peeping

First Roomer—"Say, who's that swell dame you just said hello to?"

Second Roomer—"Why, she's the girl who lives across the street from us."

First Roomer—"Huh, I didn't recognize her all dressed up that way."

* * *

Tableau

(Dartmouth College Paper)

It was midnight
she leaned
over the banisters
and kissed him, she
was in a nightgown
and looked very
beautiful to him.
He said, "You : n
along upstairs,
I'm going to smoke a cigar."
"All right," she answered,
"Good-night, brother."

* * *

Olaf says he likes custard pie but when he eats it he always musses up his ears.

* * *

Gus' Latest Spasm

In Chicago there is a preacher chap
Who says that a girl who wears apron and cap
    Is worse off than a cat;
    I don't know about that;
For a cat often sits on the governor's lap.

* * *

I told Gus I started in life as a barefooted boy, and he replied, "Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

* * *

Dedicated to a Tropical Tart

When she goes to the Bahamas
She wears slik pajamas

When she goes to Bermuda
She is even nuder

Billy Bones Buys Big Black Beaver

These dressmakers are always getting up some bizarre effect. Look at this:

"Tucked Fur.—Tucks are not confined to frocks.

"You find them in fur coats, where, arranged vertically down the back, they give a panel effect."

* * *

Our vaccination joke last month didn't take.

* * *

Little Tommy was absorbed in a picture of Elijah going to heaven in a chariot. Pointing to the halo over his head, he exclaimed:

"Look, pop; he's carrying a spare tire.

* * *

Mamma Used to Take Ice

"I've been looking high and low for Jack," complained Mrs. Gaylad.

"I suppose so," snorted her mother, who was paying the young couple a nice cosy visit. "He's always either down in the kitchen kissing the cook, or up in the nursery cuddling the nurse."

* * *

Olaf's Ode to Maggie

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the hash.

* * *

Our Monthly Drammer

(Continued from last month)

The wind, not having anything else to do,
Blew.
But the day after, the wind did not blow;
Nothing stirred—not even our pet horse.

(To be continued next month)

Cogitations of a Cow Valet

I see the town furniture stores specialize on twin beds and the department stores on silk stockings and satin pajamas for females. I don't suppose there was ever a twin bed delivered in our township but there have been several twin baby buggies required.

When I see the smart town women trotting up and down, all undressed and painted up, it always reminds me of the good old days when short skirts and silk hose and powder and paint were the sign of the women who did their housekeeping in one room and acquired their education under the dim glow of a crimson candelabra.

The good old urge gets the town folks about the same as it does the country folks but with this delicate distinction; the urge generally gets the town couple together and apart as quickly as it can be arranged conveniently; in the country the urge gets children, and love, and fellowship, and fidelity, without requiring any silk sox or birth control lectures.

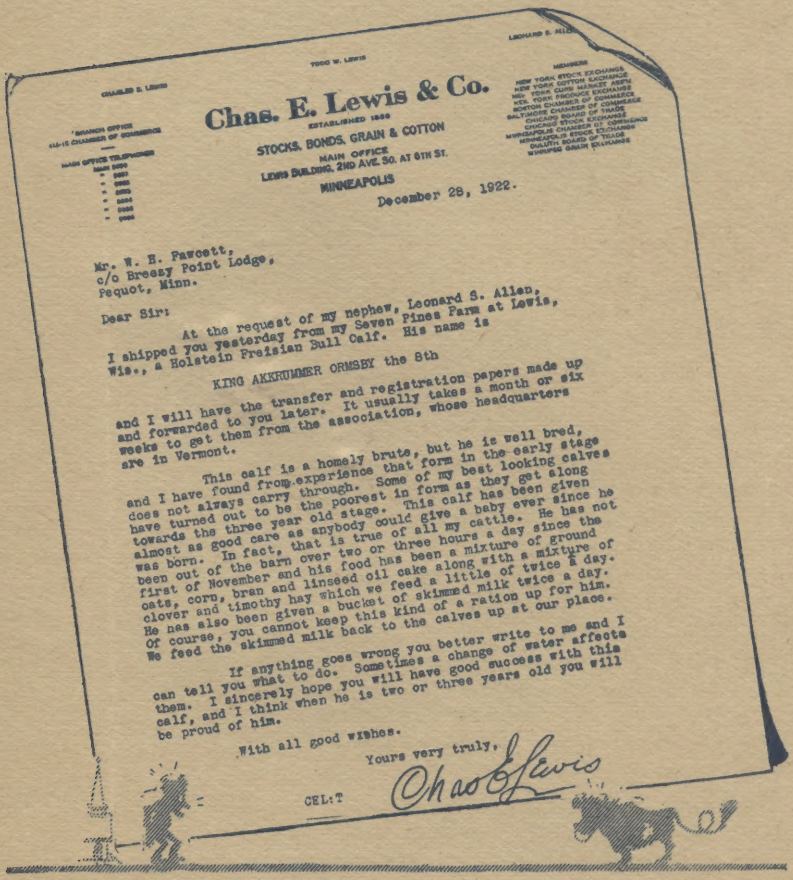
Out here on the farm when a young fellow and a girl hook up he climbs into his cotton flannel night shirt, and she into hers, and they do their working and their jawing and their snoring right alongside each other until one of 'em gets toted out feet first.

We don't have many winter amusements, but when we get a team that pulls together without breaking more than one breeching a month, we don't hasten off and swop one of 'em for a young mule, or a strange bay mare.

More Bull for Whiz Bang Farm

Homely but well-bred holstein calf—King Ormsby —joins Pedro and Rosebud in Whiz Bang family circle.

Here is the good news if your optics are good:



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MINNEAPOLIS

December 28, 1922.

Mr. W. H. Fawcett,
c/o Breezy Point Lodge,
Pequot, Minn.

Dear Sir:

At the request of my nephew, Leonard S. Allen, I shipped you yesterday from my Seven Pines Farm at Lewis, Wis., a Holstein Freisian Bull Calf. His name is

KING AKKRUMMER ORMSBY the 8th

and I will have the transfer and registration papers made up and forwarded to you later. It usually takes a month or six weeks to get them from the association, whose headquarters are in Vermont.

This calf is a homely brute, but he is well bred, and I have found from experience that form in the early stage does not always carry through. Some of my best looking calves have turned out to be the poorest in form as they get along towards the three year old stage. This calf has been given almost as good care as anybody could give a baby ever since he was born. In fact, that is true of all my cattle. He has not been out of the barn over two or three hours a day since the first of November and his food has been a mixture of ground oats, corn, bran and linseed oil cake along with a mixture of clover and timothy hay which we feed a little of twice a day. He has also been given a bucket of skimmed milk twice a day. Of course, you cannot keep this kind of a ration up for him. We feed the skimmed milk back to the calves up at our place.

If anything goes wrong you better write to me and I can tell you what to do. Sometimes a change of water affects them. I sincerely hope you will have good success with this calf, and I think when he is two or three years old you will be proud of him.

With all good wishes.

Yours very truly,

Chas E Lewis

CEL:T

Everywhere!

Whiz Bang **is on sale at all leading hotels, news stands, 25 cents single copies; on trains 30 cents, or may be ordered direct from the publisher at 25 cents single copies; two-fifty a year.**